

# THE NEW PLAY

## "Her Sister"

### Helps Miss Barrymore to Be Self-Sacrificing.

**A**FTER continued effort in that direction Miss Ethel Barrymore has grown older. For a Christmas gift at the Hudson Theatre last night she gave the audience something that bore no trace of the boarding school of acting—something that seemed to be wearing long dresses for the first time, and that moved without the jerkiness of youth.

Whether Miss Barrymore did this for herself or whether "Her Sister" did it for her no newspaper fortune-teller can say, but shutting your eyes to the crystal-gazing of the odd little play by Clyde Fitch and Cosmo Gordon Lennox, you had a mental vision of this "popular" actress in the witching hour of her stage career.

Incidentally, you were reminded that the occult is coming into its own. "The Witching Hour" has made an all-tail telephonic until we are almost afraid to chime in "company" and now "Her Sister" has opened our eyes to crystal-gazing until we can plainly see why the dark man should beware of the fair woman, especially if she happens to wear a black wig and charges office rates for her conversation.

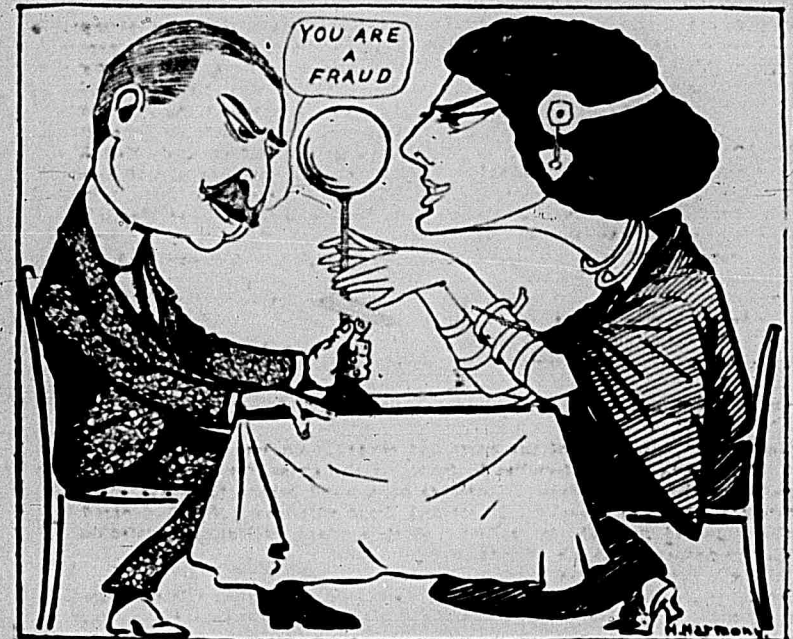
Women will probably flock to see "Her Sister" because it shows them that their pet actress is really a little lady, and because it gives them two acts of self-sacrifice, which is more beautiful to behold than to experience. It is always like that in a "sister play." Big Sister is willing to risk EVERYTHING for Little Sister, who is pure but careless, and whose one mission in this life is to get Big Sister into trouble that doesn't belong to her.

But, of course, the trouble didn't start at once last night. It never does. There was one act of pure joy, in which Miss Barrymore played fortune-teller without checking you out of a single trick of the trade. You saw her put on a black wig, second-hand ornaments, and a red, red robe, and then, with merely a glance at the crystal, tell a silly woman what the empty-headed creature had already hurried to tell her.

"It's" as the Bond street fortune-teller called herself, was in reality Eleanor Alderson, and a perfect lady, according to the gentlemanly authors, although her mother had been slight enough to run away with another man while her husband was still on earth and she herself, after trying her luck on the stage, had turned fortune-teller of the fastest sort.

And now, in the fullness of her "fate," she was engaged to marry a young Englishman with whom she had struck up an acquaintance on a train. You, like the young man's relatives who came to look her over, had your doubts about Eleanor. It was only Miss Barrymore who made you believe the authors—Miss Barrymore can make you believe anything—anything that's nice.

So you saw at once that "fate" was a good girl as well as a good faker. Ernest Bickley's relatives were inclined to take the same view, especially Ernest's uncle, who was Mr. Arthur Byron, as you could plainly see in spite of his false



ELEANOR AS THE FRAUD FORTUNE TELLER.  
Ethel Barrymore as Eleanor Alderson.  
Arthur Byron as Arnold Collingworth.

mustache and his constipated hair, and therefore bound by all the laws of acting to fall in love with Miss Barry—fate—before you went back to your Christmas presents. Ernest's mother was more distressed than suspicious and you felt "fate" was going to be able to break into this family circle without very much trouble.

A stargazer of uncommonly clever actors made the first act decidedly entertaining. First of all Miss Barrymore was older and more sure of herself than is usually the case with her on a first night. Then there was Fanny Addison Pitt fretting herself into a state of delicious comedy as the fussy old mother. To add to the Christmas cheer, Miss Louise Drew surprised everyone with the cleverest work of her life as a "stylish" cockney who gave tone to the fortune-telling establishment, while Miss Anita Rothe, in a similar capacity, put on even more airs and haughtiness than Miss Drew. Miss Lucille Watson was capital as Mrs. Herliad, a really creature with claws in her voice, who came to have her fortune told and was shown the door when she tried to arrange a meeting with a married man in the place. Mr. Byron was as amiable as he was honest, Mr. Charles Hammond fitted into the part of Ernest easily, and Miss Desmond Kelly acted the silly sister with just the right touch of vanity and irresponsible girlishness.

I am giving the first act more space than the "big scene" because it is worth more.

The silly sister, of course, was responsible for the trouble and self-sacrifice that followed. She had been to America and got herself entangled in a divorce suit as the result of going from New York to Atlantic City with a married man whose automobile had broken down within walking distance of a hotel that had made things look worse. She had left behind a picture of Eleanor, and this had been printed as the photograph of the girl named in the suit.

The worst came with a highly moral Englishman who was engaged to marry the silly but stainless Jane, and in order to save her sister, Eleanor finally said it was she who had been motivated into the divorce scandal.

Miss Barrymore shouldered the long and brutal cross-examination admirably, but the attack on Eleanor was so fierce that it became almost unbearable and well-nigh impossible. Ernest shared the general suspicion, but his good uncle stood by Eleanor and finally proved her innocent. And of course he got his reward. The silly sister was "saved" by Eleanor's appeal to Jane's "intended," who walked off saying that he believed he could trust the sister of a girl like her.

And so the row ended quite abruptly and very pleasantly for all concerned with the exception of Ernest, who had made the mistake of not believing in the perfect fortune-telling lady.

CHARLES DARNTON.

# BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

## Does She Care for Him?

**Dear Betty:**  
I am twenty-seven and infatuated with a young lady two years my senior whom I loved. Some time ago when we went to school together, I met her again a month and a half ago. This young lady is a friend of my friend's sister, so we constantly meet and she showed signs of partiality toward me. We failed to meet each other for about a week, and a note which was sent to her was not answered. Do you think she loves me?  
I can't tell. Ask her and find out.

## She Is Dance Crazy.

**Dear Betty:**  
I am twenty years of age and am engaged to a girl of the same age. Through her persuasion I have given up light disputation and am doing everything that I imagine pleases her. I take her to dances, etc., but she is dancing crazy, and every opportunity she gets she attends dances with a friend, which displeases me very much, not because she attends, but because of the associates she meets. She is so bad, she is so bad, and I am not sure as the reason she does this is only because of her dancing ability, but I am sure she is not.

cause bad friendship. Would I be justified in breaking my engagement, as I would not want to support a wife who would not please me by giving up bad associations.

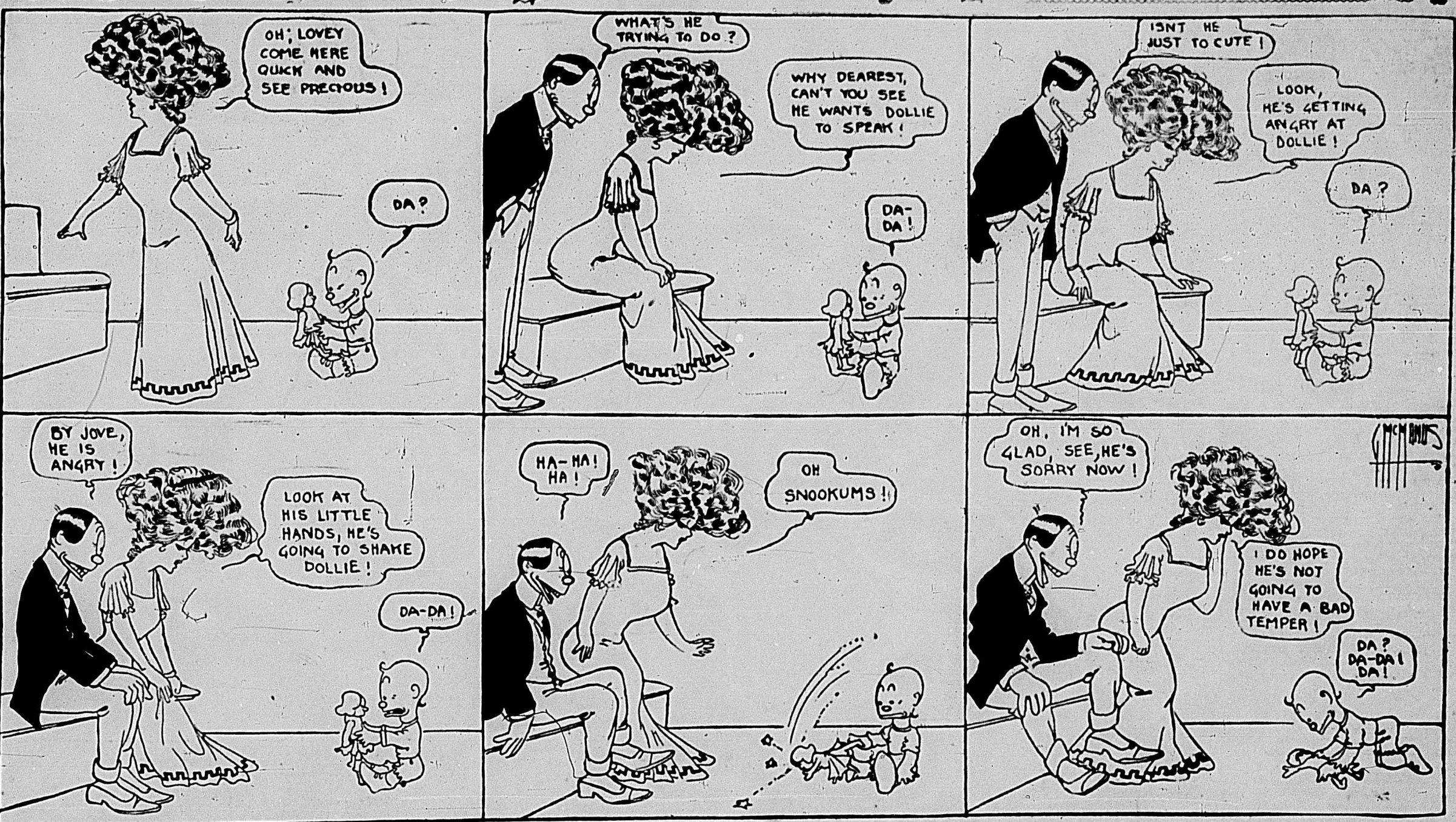
**UNHAPPY HARRY.**  
You have given up disputation to please your fiancée; she should adhere to your wishes in this matter, especially as she is doing very wrong. Talk the matter over with her seriously. Tell her that her conduct displeases you greatly, and ask her if she will not for the sake of your future happiness give up these bad associations. If she continues to attend dances and drinking parties you would be entirely justified in breaking the engagement, as she would not make a good wife.

## Offer to Buy the Ticket.

**Dear Betty:**  
Am seventeen and am going with a young man six years my senior. I want to invite him to a Christmas dinner, which is to be held at my sister's home and it is quite a distance from New York. It also costs a considerable amount of money to get there. Is it my place to pay for his ticket, or be to pay for mine, as I am inviting him?  
If the young man goes as your guest you should furnish the ticket unless he insists on purchasing his own.

# The Newlyweds Their Baby

## By George McManus



# The Treasure-Hunting Land Ship Is Ready for Its Perilous Trip With Kirk as Second Officer, Who Can Now Be Near His Dear Vera.

## The Adventurer

### Lloyd Osbourne.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lewis Kirkpatrick (nicknamed "Kirk") is a plucky young American, who, stranded in London, embarks on a mysterious enterprise that promises wealth. The expedition is under the leadership of four persons: Westbrooke, a famous inventor; Dr. Von Zedtwitz, a German scientist; Mr. Hilt, a cock, an enormously wealthy old lady; and Capt. Jackson, a fussy martinet. The party go to a remote spot on the banks of a South American river where a camp is pitched, known as "Felicidad." There Westbrooke builds a mighty ship, capable of sailing on land. Kirk falls in love with Westbrooke's lovely daughter, Vera. From his tentacles Kirk learns that the expedition is probably a treasure hunt, the secretly trying to make Mrs. Hiltbrook abandon it. That night Kirk calls on Vera, the young man he must not call again on her. Some of the men, led by Beale, an Australian, talk of mutiny. Kirk calls them to the tent.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### An Ultimatum.

**D**URING these concluding days of the Fortuna's making ready there occurred another matter that demands attention. Occasionally in the course of their work questions arose that required a reference to Capt. Jackson. This was the more necessary as the captain kept away and seldom visited the ship, except in after hours. The discipline of the crew to rise and stand at attention as he passed was the reason for his keeping aloof. Now Kirk was as little in love with

Jackson as with anybody, but he was free from the vanity of considering himself degraded by obeying his superior's orders. He was quite willing to salute, and say "sir," and bring his heels together—and found no mortification in the act. Privately he thought it was silly to make such mountains of fustian out of trifles, but as far as he was concerned, he made no demur.

### A Queer Fancy.

It all led to the extraordinary result of the captain's taking a fancy to him. He grew to like Kirk's open face, his agreeable voice and his alert, respectful manner. Here was his man-of-war ideal, and as Kirk was the only one of

a hundred and eighteen who in the least way satisfied it, the swollen old fellow warmed to him mightily. It made Kirk feel a good deal of a hypocrite. But he was human, too, and he slightly modified some of his first opinions. He little realized to what it was all leading. One day as he stood at attention in front of Jackson's desk the latter laid his hand on a closely written list of names with a humorous pretense of screening them from view. "No peeking!" he exclaimed. "This is a state paper!" Kirk smiled vaguely. He did not know what the joke was, but it was discomfiting to look amused.

"You might happen to see your own

name," went on the captain, pompously.

"Oh, yes—and in a good place. I can tell you. I am making up the list of officers, petty officers, and leading seamen."

Kirk's heart gave a bound. He could tell by the captain's air that he had been marked out for promotion. For the first time he appreciated that Jackson's good will might mean substantial favors. Strange to say, it had not occurred to him before that he was a "pet."

"You're very good, sir," he said. "I—had no anticipation of this. I looked for nothing better than not being left behind."

"Kirkpatrick," said the captain sententiously, "the man who learns to take orders is qualifying himself to give them. When this is made public I fancy you will be surprised."

"You'll Be Surprised."

"Thank you, sir," said Kirk. "And very agreeably surprised," added the captain.

Kirk kept this wonderful piece of intelligence to himself. It revived his drooping spirits, and consoled his lonely and achy heart. In his dreams he read that fateful list, and searched for his name with feverish pertinacity. He hardly knew what to hope for. He shrank from setting his ambition too high, dreading to disappoint himself. What he wanted, of course, was to be near Vera. To have the privilege of addressing her. To share, however humble, the life of the afterguard.

Quartermaster, gunner, boatswain, storekeeper—he ran over all the possibilities with an anxious particularity. At length the time came for all these teasing speculations to be set at rest. One blazing noon, as they were tramping back to dinner, they were diverted by a great paper power, six feet by four, that had made an unexpected appearance in front of the headquarters

tent. Here was the list for all to read, in big black letters an inch high. It was instantly surrounded by a jostling throng, pushing and shoving to get close to it. There, as the confused hum of voices, of exclamations, of profane twits, slaps on the back, and growling notes of disappointment and chagrin.

**Promotion.**

Kirk elbowed his way in. It was a tantalizing and terrible moment. He was in the throng of an overwhelming excitement. He dared not ask what he had, been given. He expected every instant for some one to tell him. "Say, Kirk, you're one of the quartermasters," or whatever it was. On some of the returning faces he seemed to detect a savage resentment against him—envy, anger, contempt. But perhaps that was only fancy. He got closer and closer. The letters were swimming before him, obscured by shoulders and heads. What if his name was not there at all? No, that was incredible—had not Jackson said—?

Ah, here it was!

**LAND-SHIP FORTUNA.**

Directing Council: MR. FOULENEY HITCHOOCK, MR. EZRA H. WESTBROOK, DR. C. VON ZEDTWITZ.

Captain, HORATIO H. JACKSON.

First Officer, PERCY HAINES.

Second Officer, LEWIS KIRKPATRICK.

Kirk got no further. "Second Officer, Lewis Kirkpatrick." In his widest imagination he had never soared so high. It put him in the cabin in the aristocracy of the afterguard—made him one of those glorified beings who might mix on terms of almost equality with Vera Westbrooke, sit by her side, speak to her without reproach, share her radiant companionship. Kirk was dazzled with delight. He was only aroused by the sight of St. Aubyn's thin, screwed-up, webbed face.

**Second Officer!**

"Oh, ehum," he exclaimed, "they've gone and left me out! I'm not to go at all. I've got to stay in this rotten hole and kick my heels while you fellows sail away!"

Kirk attempted to comfort him, but there was not much that could be said. St. Aubyn was pitifully upset. For days he had fought down his weakness and by sheer grit had kept out of the hospital and stuck to work. It had cost him agony to do so, but there was

nothing he could do. He was a hero, and he had been sustained by the hope of being taken. He had counted on it with all of a sick man's stubbornness and irrationality. And now the decree had gone forth, and he was condemned to remain behind.

Kirk was still trying to soften the blow, when Haines came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Officers and petty officers are to report at the big tent to-night at 8," he said in his drawing, irritating voice, "to greet the Presence, and kiss hands, 'tis-a'."

**CHAPTER XVII.**

**The Start.**

**T**WELVE days later the Fortuna was ready to start. Her command and varied cargo was all on board. Her crew were all in place. Her accommodations were all ready for the officers, passengers and crew. The others were to remain behind in camp. Two big automobiles, whose purpose none of the crew could guess, were lashed to the deck.

A quartermaster mounted the ladder, bearing a paper in his hand.

"Captain! Haines, sir—yes, to call the roll, hold in the gangway, and all clear forward."

Kirk went forward and round the forecabin. The men came pouring up and grouped themselves about him, joined by the cooks and stewards from the ship's waist.

The roll was called.

The captain was on the bridge, speaking through a megaphone. At his right stood Haines. Behind them, well out of the way, were Westbrooke, Mr. Hitchoock, Vera, McCann, Dr. Phillips, and Von Zedtwitz—six black, dingy figures in mackintoshes. There was expectancy on every face—anxiety, excitement, foreboding. At last the Fortuna was to be tried, and that under adverse and dangerous conditions. Was she after all, a giant's folly, a preposterous conception, doomed to the most mortifying of failures? A few minutes would show. Theory and hope were now to bear the crucial test of fact.

"I have to report that the roll is called, sir, and that all hands answered their names."

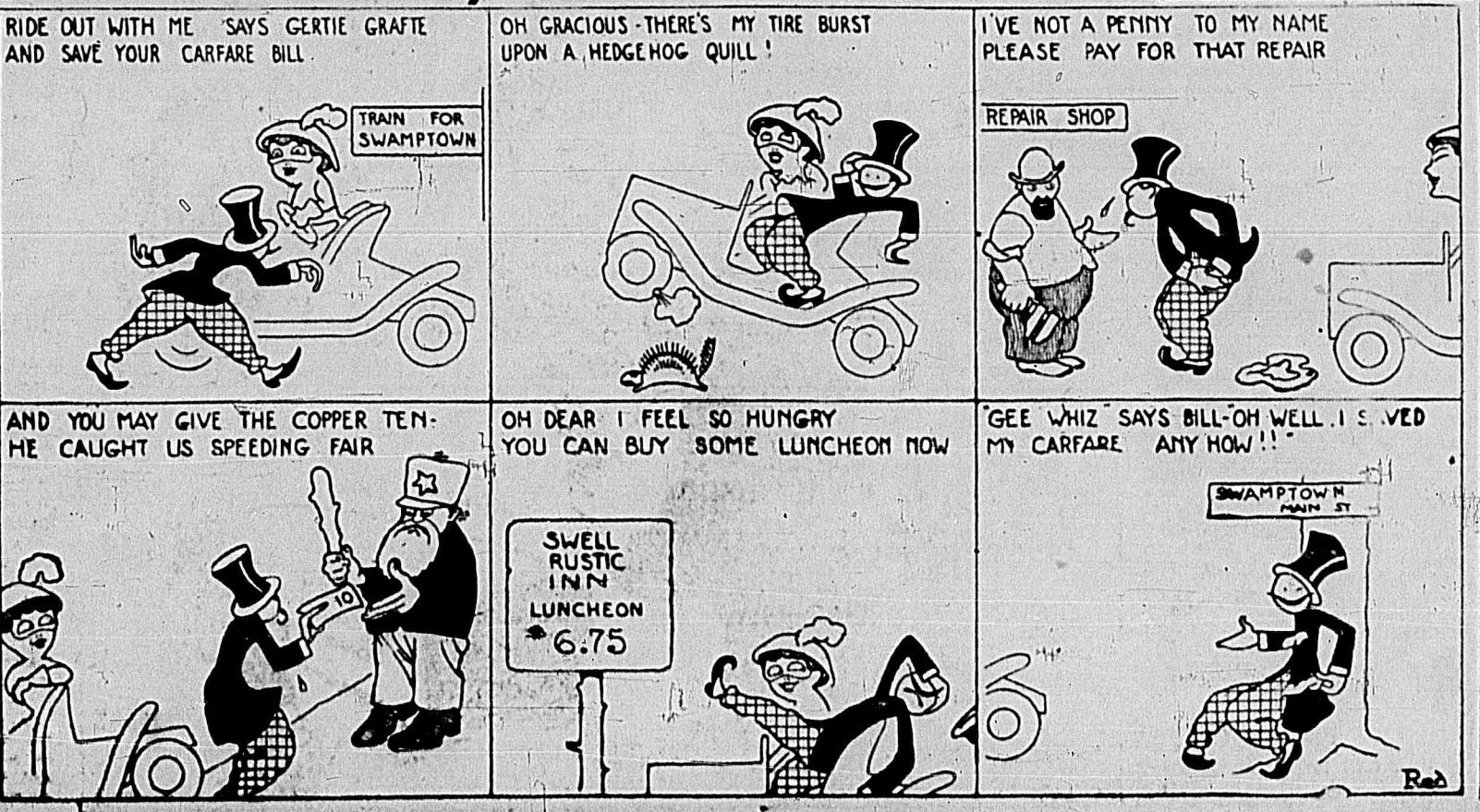
"Very good, Mr. Kirkpatrick. Get the gangway up, and lash it!"

"Very good, sir."

(To Be Continued.)

# Certie Made Bill Pay the Bills

## By R. E. Dorsey



# HINTS FOR THE HOME.

**Corncake.**  
ONE cup flour, 1 cup cornmeal, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda (or 2 of baking powder). Mix ingredients together, then add 1 cup sweet milk, then 2 tablespoons melted butter. Bake in rather hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes.

**Orange Frappe.**  
JUICE of four and grate rind of two oranges, water to make a quart, 2 cups sugar, whites of three eggs well beaten.

**Coffee Cake.**  
THREE-QUARTERS cup butter, 1-2 cup sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 cup clear strong cold coffee, 2 eggs, 1 cup raisins (chopped), 2-3 cups flour, 1-2 teaspoon each of cloves, cassia, allspice and a little nutmeg, 1 scant teaspoon soda, beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, put the soda

in the molasses, add next the spices, add the eggs one at a time, beating hard, then the coffee and 2 cups flour; sift the 1-2 cup flour over the raisins and add last; bake in a moderate oven.

**Indian Pudding.**  
THREE cups scalded milk, 3-4 cup of Indian meal, 2-3 cup molasses, 2 eggs butter size of an egg, 1 teaspoon of salt; mix in slow oven two hours, stirring often first hour and a half.

**Coffee Filling.**  
MIX and cook ten minutes one cup of milk, one-fourth cup sugar and one tablespoon of cornstarch, then add one cup of strong coffee, and when again stir in two beaten yolks of eggs; then take from fire and beat in one-fourth cup of butter and two tablespoons of sugar creamed together until very light. When cold add one-half cup of whipped cream.